

Matthew Hanna

Envy

“That’s just self preservation.”

They told me, but I didn’t listen.

I never really listen to the people who love me.

Because listening meant acknowledging,
and I didn’t want to acknowledge that which was
the truth.

I only wanted what I *wanted*.

What others have is my desire.

Why not me and how come them?

Wanting, however, never gets you anywhere.

It only places you right back at the start.

Cascada

One, two, three
The feeling each individual drop.
The pressure falls on me so naturally,
as if it was meant to be there.

The waterfall of my doubts empties itself
On top of me. Yet those around me still act
as if it's easy to control.

I'm not talking about
some silly Japanese anime
where the character is training to
be stronger, waiting to discover a sense
of peace from all the gravity.

No.
What I'm talking about is life.
This is what it feels like to be alive.

A force weighing down on me.
Telling me *stay where I am,*
never leave it is dangerous out there.

But what if I want to be at risk
of seeing what it feels like
to live outside of this alluring duress
that confines me?

I dream
that one day I will break from
the endless stream and feel
nothing, because nothing is the only
escape from everything.

Second Origin

When I was little, I always tried to be something I was not. A Pokémon trainer, a wizard, a superhero who always saved the day. Each day was different and full of adventure. But with every adventure comes conflict. There was always a villain that I was fighting, but I never knew their face. Each time we fought our battles grew ever more intense, and each time I would run in defeat, never finishing what we started. They grew on me, this villain, the masked menace. Soon a relationship began to form, and they became more familiar after every battle. It was then that I realized I was not fighting a villain but looking into a mirror. My reflection was my own worst enemy, and its existence was enough to kill me. "One day," I whispered to that vile reflection of mine, "I will conquer you, and it will be me who is the victor." The smile on his face widened. He spoke nothing but his face told me all I needed to know. "*Come get me.*"

Unity in Division

Learning to live with the Darkness,
Is like learning to love the enemy.
An amalgam of fear and hate,
Fueled by the sleeping dark desire.

I am the scapegoat for worry and doubt.
The Darkness fills me with negativity and
creates an absence of my own self.

Do it

Whispering winds plague the mind,
Echoing the truth within

The Light beckons, resounds,
Calls me to a greater future.
The calamity has fled,
Scurrying away, it plots the next attempt at freedom.

Reaching out in hopes to save me
it's hand is warm and positive.
The Light places itself inside me in order to bring hope.

Say it.

Air accompanied with water,
Escaping me for a better life.
Existence is made possible.
So is one, so shall be the other.

Darkness encased in light.
Light shrouded in shadow.
I am the beautiful coalescence.